OCEAN TRAGEDY

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

A Wonderful and Fas. cinating Novel.

Perhaps the Finest Work of Its Author-Published in America Exclusively by The Sun.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COLONEL'S PUNERAL. On entering my berth I threw myself into my bunk and sat in it in such a despondent condition of mind as I had never before been sensible of. This, to be sure, signified no more than reaction following the wild excitement I had been under all the morning. But, let the cause what it might, while the fit was on me I felt shiestly miserable and a complete wretch. It then occurred to me that hunger might have semething to do with my mood, seeing that no food had crossed my lips since dinner time on

the preceding day.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. entered the cabin and found a cold lunch upon the table, not a dish of which had been touched, proving that there were others besides myself who were fasting. I was without appetite, but I sat down resolutely, and calling to the steward-who seemed thankful to have an order to attend to—to bring me a bottle of Burgundy, I fell to, and presently found myself tolerably hearty; the fountain of my spirits unsealed afresh, and beginning leisurely to bubble into the channel that had run dry. There is no better specific in the world for a fit of the blues than a bottle of Burgundy. No other wine has its art of tender blandishments. It does not swiftly exhilarate. but courts the brain into a pleasing serenity by a process of coaxing at once elegant and

convincing. While I sat fondling my glass, leaning back in my chair with my eyes fixed upon the delicate, graceful paintings on the cabin ceiling. and my mind revolving, but no longer blackly and weepingly, the grim incidents which had erowded the morning. I heard my name pronounced close to my ear, and, whipping round, found Miss Laura at my elbow.

"I have been most anxious to see you." she exclaimed. "What is the news?"

'Have not you heard?" I inquired. "I have heard nothing but two pistol shots.

I have seen nobody of whom I could ask a

Wilfrid has shot Col, Hope-Kennedy through the heart," said I, "as he declared he would. and the body lies yonder;" and I pointed to the recess that Muffin had formerly occupied.

"Col. Hope-Kennedy killed!" she exclaimed. in a low, breathless, terrifled voice; and she sank into a chair beside me, and leaned her face on her hand, speechless, and her eyes fixed upon the table.

Better that he should have been shot than Wilfrid," said L. "But he is dead; of him then let us speak nothing since we cannot speak good. I have just succeeded in fighting myself out of a hideous mood of melancholy with the help of yonder bottle. Now you must let me prescribe for you. You have eaten nothing since dinner yesterday. I therefore advise a glass of champagne and a slice of the breast of cold fowl;" and that she might not say no. I put on an air of bustle, called to the steward to immediately open a pint bottle of champagne. helped her to a little piece of the fowl, and finding her still reluctant, gently insinuated a knife and fork into her hands, "We are homeward bound," said I; "see? the sun has slipped t'other side of the yacht. Our bowsprit points directly for dear old Southampton Water. So," said I, filling a glass of champagne and handing it to her, "you must absolutely drink to our prosperous voyage, not only to the ship that goes, but to the wind that blows, while." said I, helping myself to another small dose of Burgundy, "I'll drink the lass

that loves a sailor."
She could not forbear a slight smile, drank. and then ate a little, and presently I saw how much good it did her by the manner in which she plucked up her heart. I asked her where Lady Monson was.
"In my cabin," she answered; "she will not

speak to me; she asks my maid for what she requires; she will not even look at me." "It is all too fresh yet," said I. "A little

patience. Miss Jennings. The woman in her will break through anon: there will be tears. klases, contrition. Who knows?" She shook her head. Just then I caught

sight of the maid and beckoned to her exclaiming to Miss Laura, "your sister must not be allowed to starve. I fear she will have known what hunger is aboard Capt. Crimp's odious old bark, where the choicest table delicacy probably was rancid salt pork. Here," said I, to the maid, "get me a tray. Steward, open another bottle of champagne. You will smile at the cook-like view I take of human misery, Miss Jennings," said I; "but let me tell you that a good deal of the complexion the mind wears is shed upon it by the body."

I filled the tray the maid brought, and bade her carry it to her ladyship, and to let her suppose it was prepared by the steward. I then thought of Wilfrid, and told Miss Laura that I would visit him. "But you will stop here till I return," said I. "I want you to cheer me up."

I went to my cousin's cabin and knocked very softly. The berth occupied by Lady Monn was immediately opposite, and the mere notion of her being so near made me move explained why I did so. There was no response, so, after knocking a second time very lightly and obtaining no reply. I entered. Wilfrid lay in his bunk. The porthole was wide open, and a pleasant draught of air breezed to the cabin. He lay in his shirt, the collar of which was wide open, and a pair of slik drawers—flat on his back—his arms crossed upon his breast. like the figure of a knight on a tomb, and his eyes closed. I was startled at first sight of him, but quickly perceived that his breast rose and fell regularly, and that, in short, he was in a sound sleep. Quite restful his slumber was not, for while I stood regarding him he made one or two wry faces, frowned, smiled, muttered, but without any nervous starts or discomposure of his placid posture. I was seized with a fit of wonder, epiate or for any hint of liquor that should account for this swift and easy repose, but there was nothing of the sort to be seen. He had fallen asleop as a tired child might, or as one who, having accomplished some great object through stress of bitter toll and distracting vigil, lightly pillows his head with a thanksgiving that he has seen the end. I returned to Miss Jennings, marvelling much, and she was

'Conceive. Mr. Monson," she exclaimed. "that the whole may have passed out of his

I wish I could believe it." said L. "No. he has just lain down as a boy might who is tired out and dropped asleep. A man is to be envied for being wrong-headed sometimes. If Ihad shot the Colonel-but we agreed not to speak of him. Miss Jennings, you are better, already. When you arrived just now you were you looked as if you would never smile again. Now the old sparkle is in your gaze, and now you smile once more, and your complexon has gathered afresh that golden delicacy which I must take the liberty of vowing as a friend I admire as a most surprising perfec-

tion in you." "Oh, Mr. Monson!" she exclaimed, softly, with one of those little pouts I was now used to, and giad to observe in her again, while

Cutbill and Crimp came down the companion ladder, pulling off their caps as they entered. The big sailor had a roll of what resembled sailsloth under his arm. They passed forward and disappeared in the cabin that had been occupled by Muffin. Miss Laura noticed them. but nade no remark. It was impossible that she should suspect their mission. But the sight of them darkened the brighter mood that had come to me out of the companionship of the girl, and I fell grave on a sudden.

Will you share your cabin with your sister?" No: she cannot bear my presence. My maid will prepare for me the borth adjoining my old one. She must be humored. Who can express

the agonies her pride is costing her?"
"I fear Wilfrid sleeps rather too close to her ladyship." said I. "There's a cabin next mine. I should like to see him in it. Figure his taking per, to walk in upon his wife-"

If such an impulse as that visited him," she answered, "it would be all the same even f he should sleep among the crew forward. Do not anticipate trouble, Mr. Monson. The realities are fearful enough."

I smiled at her beseeching look. "Lucky for your sister," said I, "that you are on board. She arrives without a stitch saving what she stands up in, and here she finds your wardrobe, the twoscore conveniences of the lady's toilet table, and a maid on top of it all, with pins and needles and scissors, bodkins and tape-bless me! what a paradise after the 'Liza Robbins." And then I told her how the Shark was lost, giving her the yarn as I had it from Finn. "Any way," said I, "Lady Monson is rescued. Your desire is fulfilled."

But I did not wish her-I did not want Colonel Hope-Kennedy killed," she exclaimed with a shudder.

'Yet you could have shot him." said I: "do you remember our chat that night off the Isle

"Yes, perfectly well," she answered, "But now that he is dead-oh, it is too terrible to think of," she added with a sob in her voice. "It must always be so with generous na-tures," I exclaimed. "What is abhorrent to them in life death converts into a pathetic ap-

peal. Best perhaps to leave old Time to re-

venge one's wrongs. And now that her lady-

ship is on board, what is Wilfrid going to do "She is never likely to leave her cable," she

replied. When the Bride arrives home, then "I cannot tell."

"Had Wilfrid's misfortune been mine this is the consideration that would have stared me in the face from the very start, and hindered me from taking any step that did not conduct me straight to the Divorce Court."

Here her maid arrived and whispered to her, on which, giving me a pretty little sad smile. she rose and went to her cabin. I mounted to the deck and found the wide ocean shivering and flashing under a pleasant breeze of wind, whose hot buzzing as it hummed like the vast insect life of a tropic island through the rigging and into the canvas was cooled to the ear by the pleasant noise of running waters on either hand. My first look was for the 'Liza lobbins, and I was not a little surprised to find her far away down upon our lee quarter. a mere dash of light of a moon-like hue. Finn was pacing the quarterdeck solemnly with a Sunday air upon him. On seeing me he approached with a ship-shape salute and ex-

"I suppose there is no doubt, sir, his honor designs that we should be now steering for

'For what other part of the world, Captain?' Well, sir, at sea one wants instructions. Maybe Sir Wilfrid knows that we're going

"He lies sleeping as soundly and peacefully, Finu, as a little boy in his cabin and knows

'Lor' bless me!" cried Finn. But you may take me as representing him," said I. "and I'll be accountable for all misdistions. About the funeral, now, I observed Cutbill and Crimp pass through the cabin. They've gone to stitch the body up?"

"Yos, sir. His honor told me to get it done at once. 'Sides, 'tain't part of the ocean in which ye can keep the like of them things

Well, I thought to-night, sir, in the first vatch. Better make a quiet job of it. I allow, for fear of -- " and screwing up his face into a peculiar look, he pointed significantly to the

deck with clear reference to Lady Monson.
"You are right, Finn. We have had 'scenes' enough, as scrimmages are called by women."

Will your honor read the orlice?

"Will your honor read the orlice?"

"D'ye mean the burial service? It will be hard to see print by lanternilght."

"I'v gotit, sir, in a book with the letters as big as my forefinger."

I considered a little and then said, "On reflection no. You are Captain of this ship, and it is for you, therefore, to read the service. I will be present, of course."

He looked a triffe dismayed, but said nothing more about it, and after walking the deck with him for about haif an hour, during which our talk was all about the Shark and the incidents of the morning, what the crew thought of the duel, and the like. I went below to my berth, and lay down feeling tired, hot, and again depressed. I was awakened out of a light sleep by the ringing of the first dinner bell. Having made roady for dinner, I entered the cabin as the second bell sounded, and found the table prepared, but no one present. I was standing at the foot of the companion ladder trying to coll myself with the wind that breezed down.

To ye mean the burial service? It will be had to see on this one can chuse that was now ended so far as the fugitives were concerned. He talked of his estates; how he Intended to build a wing to his house that should contain a banqueting room, how he proposed to convert send the staright; bis evening costume gave him an unusual look to my eye; though he talked careters of his solice to my eye; though the talked careters of his vereing room, how he proposed to convert and so on and so on. His face showed pale in the staright; bis evening costume gave him an unusual look to my eye; though the talked careters when the tone of his voice. Comparatively subdued as it was, and in his vehement manner of smoking, puffing on the treat clouds rapidly and illing the vestiy ensed my mind had he made some reference to the norming. You iet as if the memory of it must be working in him like some deadily stiff pulse. The tone of his voice, comparatively subdued as it was, and in his vehement manner of smoking, puffing on the first dinner bell. Having at the foot of the companion ladder trying to cool myself with the wind that breezed down of a flery hue with the steadfast crimsoning of the western sun, when Wilfrid came from his cabin. He was dressed as if for a ball-swal lowtailed cost, patent-leather boots, plenty of white shirt sparkling with diamond studs, and so forth. Indeed, it was easily seen that he had attired himself with a most fastidious hand, as though on a sudden there had broken out in him a craze of dandyism. I was much astonished, and stared at him. There had never been any ceremony among us; in point of meals we had made a sort of picnic of this marine ramble, and dined regardless of attire. Indeed in this direction Wilfrid had always shown singular negligence, often in cold weather sitting down in an old pilot coat, or

'Why, Wilf." said I, running my eyes over him, "you must give me ten minutes to keep

taking his place during the hot days in white linen coat and small clothes or an airy camlet

you in countenance."
"No, no," he cried, "you are very well. This s a festal day with me, a time to be dignified with as much ceremony as the modern tailor will permit. Heavens! how on great occasions one misses the magnificence of one's fore-fathers. I should like to dine to-day in the costume of a lialeigh-a doublet bestudded with precious gems, a short cloak of cloth of gold. Ha, ha! a plague on the French Revolution. 'Tis all broadcloth now-where's Laura?' He asked the question with a sudden breaking away from the substance of his speech that startlingly accentuated the wild look his eyes had, and the expression of countenance that was a sort of baffling smile in its way.

"I do not know." I answered.
"Oh, she must dine with us." he cried; "I want company. I should like to crowd this ta-

ble. Steward, call Miss Jennings's maid." The man stole aft, and tapped on the cabin next to the room occupied by Lady Monson. Miss Jennings opened the door and looked out; Wilfred saw her, and instantly ran to her with his finger upon his lip. He took her by the hand and whispered. She was clearly as much amazed as I had been to behold him attired as though for a rout. There was a little whispered talk between them; she apparently did not wish to join us: then on a sudden consented, and he led her to the table, holding her hand with an air of Old-World coremony that must have provoked a smile but for the conto, and glad to observe in her again, while something of color came into her cheeks, "this something of color came into her cheeks, "this is no time for compliments."

Let and anxiety his looks caused me. We took our places, and he fell to acting the part of host, pressing us to eat, calling for champagne, talking as if to entertain us. He laughed often, but softly, in a low-pitched key, that was above demurences. At that moment cern and anxiety his looks caused me.

nal reference in his mind to the exhe never once mentioned her, nor referred to the dead man, whose proximity put an indescripable quality of ghastliness into his bectic manner, the crazy air of conviviality that flushed, as with a glow of fever his speech and carriage and behavior of high breeding. Not a syllable concerning the events of the morning, the object of our excursion, its achievement, the change of the yacht's course, escaped him. He drank freely, but without any other result than throwing a little color upon his high cheek bones, and rendering yet more puzzling the conflicting expressions which filled with wildness his large, protruding, nearsighted gaze at one or the other of us. I saw too clearly how it was with the poor fellow to feel shocked. Miss Laura's tact served her well in the replies she made to him, in the interest with which she seemed to listen to his terest with which she seemed to listen to his conversation, in her well-feigned ignorance of there being anything unusual in his apparel or manner. But it failed her in her efforts to conceal her deep-scated apprehension, that stole like a shadow into her face when she looked downward in some interval of silence that enabled her to think, or when her eyes met mine. After dinner my cousin fetched his pipe and asked me to join him on deck. I took advantage of his absence to say swiftly to hiss Laura. We must not forget that Lady Monson is on board. Upon my word, I believe you are right in your suggestion this afternoon that Wilfrid has forgotten all about it, or surely he would have made some reference to her dining."

Wifrid has forgotten all about it, or surely he would have made some reference to her dining."

"I'll take care that she is looked after Mr. Monson," she answered. "I nurposely abstained from mentioning her name at dinner. I am certain, by the expression in his face that he would have been irritated by the lightest allusion to her; and unnatural as his mood is after such a merning as we have reassed through," here she glanced in the direction of the cabin where the Colonel's body lay, "I would rather see him as he is than sullen, seewling, silent, eating up his heart."

He returned with his pipe at that moment, and we were about to proceed on deck when he stopped and said to his sister-in-law: "Come along, Laura, my love."

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He returned with his pipe at that moment, and we were about to proceed on deck when he stopped and said to his sister-in-law: "Come along, Laura, my love."

"I have a sight headacho. Wilfrid, and I have to see that my cabin is prepared."

I thought this answer would start him into questioning her, but he looked as if he did not gather the meaning of it. "Pool, pooh!" he cried, 'there are two stewards and a maid to see to your cabin for you. If they don't suffice, we'll have Muffin afte-that arthritic son of a greengroese, whose genius as a valet will scarcely be the worse for that arthritic son of a greengroese, whose genius as a valet will scarcely be the worse for that arthritic son of a greengroese, whose genius as a valet will scarcely be the worse for that arthritic son of a greengroese, whose genius as a valet will scarcely be the worse for the tar that stains his hands. Muffin for one night only." He delivered one of his short roars of laughter and slapped his severse on board! Does she know, I wondered, that hor Colonel los dead? but I had lound no opportunity of inquiring. "Come along, Laura," continued Wilfrid: I'll roil you up as pretty a cigaretta as was ever smoked by a South American belle."

She shook her head, forcing a smile. "Pernaps Miss Jennings will join us later." said I, distrustful of his tempor, and passing my hand through his arm, I got him on deck. "Laura is a sweet little woman," said he, pausing just outside the hatch, to hammer at a tinder box.

"Ay sweet, pretty, and good," said I, "You're in love with her, I think, Charies." "Ny dear Wilf, let us talk of this beautiful night," I exclaimed.

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"Why a weet, pretty, and good," said I, "You're in love with her, I think, Charies." "Ny, if a me," answered Crimy saurly note: "No, if a me," answered to the main boom. "Is that turned to heaven a moment or two as though be watched the flight of his spirit, then falling he watched the flight of his spirit, then falling dead with the countenance of a man in easy slumber. But Wilfrid had not a word to say about it. I could not reconcile his extraorginary silence with his attire and manner, which at all events indicated the recollection of the duel as strong in him. He chatted volubly and intelligently, without any of his customary breakings away from his train of thought; but not of his wile, nor of the Colonel, nor of his infant, nor of this ocean chase that was now ended so far as the fugitives were concerned. He

sively.

A grand day," he exclaimed: "The one stirring, memorable day of our voyage. Come. I will follow you, and we will plodge it in a bumper before parting."

We entered the cabin: it was deserted. Wilfrid asked where Miss Laura was, and the steward replied that he believed she was gone to bed.

"She should be with us Charles," cried my cousin, with a light of excitement in his way.

cousin, with a light of excitement in his eyes, his face flushed, though above it had looked marble in the starlight, and a half smile of mamarble in the starlight, and a half smile of malicious trium:h riding his lips.

"No, no," said I. "The poor child is tired. What is our drink to be, Wilf? I want to see you turned in my dear boy."

"Pooh, pooh; hang turning in! I feel myself of forty-spirit power to-night, just in the humor, if I were a member, to go down to the House and terrify the old laddes in it who call themselves Sir Johns and Sir Thomases, and who wear swallow-tailed coats and broadbrimmed hats, with a passionate attack on the British Constitution."

He called for brandy and seltzer. However, we had not been sitting twenty minutes when his mood changed; his dinner-party face darkened. He folded his arms and lay back in his chair, looking downward, with a gathering scowit upon his brow. I rose.

we had not been sitting twenty minutes when his mood changed; his dinner-party face darkened. His folded his arms and lay back in his chair, looking downward, with a gathering scowl upon his brow. I rose.

"Good night, Wilfrid," said I.

He viewed me with an absent expression, said "Good night," and at once went, but in a mechanical way, governed by habit without giving his mind to the action, to his berth, at the door of which I saw him stand a moment while he gazed hard at the cabin abreast him; then rubbing his brow with the gesture of one who seeks to clear his brain, he disappeared. Four bells were struck forward. I quietly stepped on deek, and while I stood looking into the binnacle Finn came up to me.

"Shall we tarn to now sir," said he, "and get this here melancholy job over?"

"Yes," said I. "the sooner the better. Sir Wilfrid has gone to his cabin. Tell your people to be quick and secret."

He trudged forward, and presently returned with Cutbill and another seaman. The three of them went below, leaving Orimp to get the gaingway rigged and lighted. A couple of globular lamps, such as might be used for riding lights, were suspended against the bulwarks, and between them asceaman rasted a grating of the length of a stretcher. The moon was rising at this moment on our starboard beam, an arch of blood defining the indigoblack line of the horizon there that on either hand of her went melting out into a blending of star-laden sky, with the dark and gleaming ocean brimming to they such, vast as the heavens themselves looked. Presently up through the hatch rose the fluores of Capt. Finn and tho two men, swaying under the weight of the canvas-throuded form they bore. The watch on deck came aft and gathered about the gangand wrighting out of the dusk-visions of hairy sails, rendered like visionary creatures to the dull, yellow shining of the lamps. Face after face seemed to come twisting and wriggling out of the dusk-visions of hairy sails, rendered likelika and actual by the dull illustration that at granced u

all would be of a snow-white softness above us; and a sparkling line of bulwarz rail and glittering constellations in the skylight shass and a wake of floating and heaving silver roll-ing fan-shaped to us.

usi and a sparkling line of bulwars fast and suke of floating and heaving silver rolling fan-shaped to us.

A couple of seamen caught hold of the grating and raised it level with the bulwarks, one end supported by the rail. The body was placed upon it, and ghostly it looked in that spectral comminging of starlight and lamplight and moonlight not yet brightening out of its redness—ghastly in the nakedness of its canvas cover, though to be sure, there was no need at that hour to conceal it under a flag. Finn pulled a thin volume from his pocket and opened it close against one of the lanterns, peering into it hard and coughing hearedly, as though loath to begin. At last be mustered up courage and made a start. He pronounced many of the words eddly, and there was a deep sea note in his delivery. I watched his long face twitching and working to his recital as he brought his eyes in a squint to the page, with the lantern light touching his skin into a hue of sulphur that made one think of it as the likeness of a human countonance wrought in yellow silk upon black sains. But the mystory of death was with us; it seemed to breathe hot as the night was, in an ice-cold air off the dark surface of the sea, and a man's sense of humor must have been of the feather-weight quality of an idiot's to flutter in the presence of the passe chill, searet, subduing inspirations were unspeakably heightened by the rays of the oil flames upon the obscurity, by the silver gaze of the countless equinoctial heaven surveying us over the yardarme and through the squares of the gear, and by the steadiest watching of stars low down in the measureless dark distances of the west and north and south, as though they were the eyes of glant spirits standing on throos behind the horizon to observe us, and by the slow soaring of the meon that was now icing her crims in visage with cryskind and diffusing a soit cloud of white light over the easier of the rest of the result of the dark sea line there that made the water in that direction look as though i

I was standing with my back to the con

were beating in ivory foam against the wair cight,

I was standing with my back to the companion hatch; my eyes were rooted upon the white form which in a few moments now would be tilted and sent flashing with a heavy cannon ball at its feet into the black depths on which we were floating. The man in life had acted a scoundre's part, and had richly merited the end he had met; but he lay dead, his grare was this mighty wilderness of waters; not a bole in the earth to which those who mourned him could repair and say, pointing downward. What remains of him is here," but a tomb rivalling the heavens in immensity, a material eternity that would absorb him and his memory as though his form, waiting there to be launched, was but a drop of the dew that glittered in the moonshine upon the grating that supported him.

That bundle was a text to fill me with melancholy musings, and I was thinking of the man as I had beheld him in the morning, worn, indeed, by shipwreck and privation, but stately, erect, soldierly, his cheek crimsonling to the blow that Wiffrid had dealt him; life and passion strong in him, when I was startled out of my thoughts by Finn ceasing to rend. I glanced at him and observed that he was peering over the top of his book, gogging some object with eyes that protruded from their sockets. I looked to see what had cailed off his attention, and remarked a tail female figure attired in a light dress, but with her face concealed by a long dark veil, standing close beside the head of the grating, perfectly motionless save for such movements as came to her by the swaying of the yacht, whe had appeared among as with the stealthness of a ghost, and she looked like one in that conflicting light, with the faiting flow in the grating to give a darker and more thrilling accentuation to her presence than she could

she looked like one in that conflicting light, with the faint gleam of her eyes showing through the veil, and the studied-up form on the grating to give a darker and more thrilling accentuation to her presence than she could have got from an empty grave or a ruptured coffit. The sailors backed away from her, shouldering one another into the gloom with much wiping of their leather lips mon the backs of their hands. I was startled on beholding her, but quickly railled to a sense of deep disgust that possessed me on contrasting this libstration of emotion with her language and treatment of Wilfrid that morning.

"Proceed." I exclaimed to Finn. Read on, man, and shorten the service, too, if you can." He created out afresh, but the poor fellow was exceedingly nervous. The coremony, so far as it had gone, had been chill, doleful, dorressing enough before; but a character almost of horror to my mind how came into it with the tall, stately, motionless apparition that stood—scarce won by the lamplight and the moonlight from the shadowiness that clothed her with unreality—at the head of that ashen-tinctured length lying prone and resembling a hammock upon the grating. It was the moral her ladyship's presence put into the occasion that made the ecremony all on a sudden so hideously gaunt, so wild, so inhuman, striking, lee-like, to the heart. For this she had quitted her ethild, as she believed, forever; for this she had abandoned her husband, had pricked the bibble of her honor, extinguished the inspiration of her womanheod's furget, truest, deepest, holiest feelings! What but an afrighting vision could that dead man wangled in his sea shroud convert her ladyship's dream of passion and pleasure into? Something, one should think, to blind the very eyes of her soul. But, Lord, how I haded her then for the base dishonor she did herself by this subtle, sneaking attendance at the functal of her shame with the ghost of it to slip with her to her cabin again, and to ack maybe, as a sentinci to her for the rest of her natural li

he sailors raised their arms; the glimmer The sailors raised their arms: the glimmering bundle sped like a small cloud of smoke from the side to the accompaniment of the noise of a long, creaming wash of water simmering aft from the bow, through which I caught the note of a half-stifled shriek from Lady Monson. She flung her hands to her face and reeled, as if she would fall. I sprang to her assistance, but on freelig her eyes and seeing who I was, she waved me from her with a motion of which the pa-sionate haughtiness, disdain, and dishike were too strong for me to miss, confusing as the lights were. She then walked slowly aft.

I believed she was going below again, and said to Finn: "Shut the book. Make an end how. The man is buried, and thank God for it."

Lady Monson, however, walked to the ex-

how. The man is buried, and thank dod for it. Lady Monson, however, walked to the extreme end of the vessel, kneeled upon the liftle grating abalt the wheel, and overhung the taffrail, apparently gazing into the obscarity astern where the Colonel's body was sinking and where the white wake of the yacht was glittering, like a dusty summer highway, running livery like through a dark hand on a moonlit night. I watched her with anxiety, but without daring to approach her. The sailors unbitched the lanterns, and took them forward along with the grating.

I said to Finn: "I hope she does not mean to throw herself overboard."

His head wagged in the moonlight. "Sir." His head wagged in the moonlight. "Sir." he answered "the likes of her nature ain't quick to kill themselves. If she were the wife of the gent that's gone I'd see to it. But she'll not hurt bernell.

Nevertheless I kept my eye upon her. The awning was off the deck; the planks run white as the foam alongside under the moon, that was now brilliant, and all objects showed sharp upon that ground, while the filting of the ebony shadows to the heave of the deck was like a crawling of spectral life. I spied the fellow at the gastening wheel turn his head repeatedly toward the woman abatt him, as though troubled by that wrapped, velled, kneeling presence. Finn's rough, off-head indifference could not reassure me. The lear of death, all horror induced by the cold, moonlit, desolate, weltering waters upon which her eyes were fixed, might languish in the heat of some sudden craze of remores, of grief, of desonir. These were shapes of eddying froth striking out upon the dark liquid movement at which she was gazing—dim, scarce definable configurations of the sea glow, which to her sight might take the might witness in the anparition—real, sweet, alluring as in life to the gaze of hor tragic eyes which is magination I could see glowing and walk to the companion, down which she seemed to melt away as ghostly is her coming as in her going. Twenty minutes hare I followed

WILPRID'S DELUSION. It was pleasant to learn next morning that It was pleasant to learn next morning that the breeze which had been slipping us nambly through it since we had trimmed sail for our homeward-bound run had not only blown steadily all night, giving us an average of some seven knots an hour, but had gathered a little increase of weight at sunrise, so that I awoke to as much life in the vessel in the resonant humming from aloft, the quick wash and eagor seething of recoiling seas, the straining noises of strong fastenings to the sloping of the spars, as though the northeast trades were pouring full upon the starboard bow, and we were burging through the cool Atlantic narables within a distance of soundings that would render talk about Southampton and arriving home reasonable.

sonable, For my part, ever since we had penetrated For my part, ever since we had penetrated these "doldrums," as they are called. I was dreading the long dead caims of the frizzling telt where a cat's paw is hailed in God's name, and where the roasting eye of the sun sucks out the very blue of the atmosphere till the heavens go down in a brassy dazyle to the ocean confines as though one were shut up in a huge burnished bell with a white-het clapper for light. My spirits were good as I sprang out of my bunk and made for the bathroom. It was not only that the fresh wind whistling het through the open scuttle of my berth caused me to think of home as lying fast fairly over the bow instead of over the stern, as it had been for weeks; the object of this trip, such as it was, had been achieved; there was nothing more to keep a lookout for; nothing more to hold one's expectations tautened to cracking point. Everything that was material had happened on the preceding morning, and the toss of the Colone's body last night ever the gangway by lantern light, with Lady Monson looking on, was like the drop of the black curtain; it was the end of the tragedy; the orphestra had filed out, the lights were extinguished, and we could now pass into heaven's invisorating air, and live again the old easy life of commonplaces.

So ran my thoughts as I emerged from my berth with a very good appetite and made my way to the sparkling breakfast table. I seated myself on a couch waiting breakfast table. I seated myself on a couch waiting for Wilfrid and Miss Laura; the stewards hung about ready to serve the meal. I called the head one to mend said. Is there any chance of Lady Monson's joining us at table, do you know?"

I think not, sir." he shawered.

"Who attends to beer—I mean as regards her meals?"

"Who attends to beer-I mean as regards her meals?"

"Miss Jennings's maid, sir. She told me this morning her ladyship's orders are that a soparate tray should be prepared for her for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Her breakfast was taken to her about ten minutes ago."

"So I may presume," said I. "that she finds herself pretty well this morning? And my cousin, steward?"

"I was to tell you, sir." he answered, "that Sir Wilfrid will not come to table."

"How is he?"

"I was to tell you, sir." he answered, "that Sir Wiffrid will not come to table."
"How is he?"
"He didn't complain, sir; just said, 'I'll breakfast in my cabin this morning."
"All right," said I, and the man retired.
There was nothing unusual in Wilfrid's breakfasting in his cabin. I was glad to hear that he did not complain; as a rule he was very candid if in suffering; owned freely to whatever troubled him, however trifling, and made much of it.

In a few minutes Miss Laura came from her botth. Her face had the delicacy of look that in her at all events I took to express a troubled or sleepless night. Her eyelids were a little heavy; her lips wanted their dewy freshness of hue. Ist no woman, I thought, could ever show swester than she as she advanced and took my hand, smiling up at me, and subtly incensing the atmosphere with a flower-like fragrance that had nothing whatever to do with the seen bottle. I told her that Willrid would not breakfast with us, and we seated ourselves.

"He is well. I hope?"
"Oh, I should think so, if I may judge from what the steward tells me. I'll look in upon him after breakfast. Have you seen Lady Monson this morning?"

"No," she answered." I sent my maid with a message, and the roply was that Lady Monson wishes to be alone."
"Now, Miss Jennings," said I, gently, but

message, and the roply was that Lady Monson wishes to be alone."

Now, Miss Jeanings," said I, gently, but with some emphasis, "you must let nothing that Lady Monson does vex you. You have done your duty; she is on board this yacht. I shall grow fretful if I think you intend to waste a single breath of the sweetness of your beart upon the arid air of Mme. Henrietta's desert nature. I dare say you have scarcely closed your eyes all night thinking about her.

"About her and other things."

"Why tease yourself? A sister is a sister only so long as she chooses to act and feel as one. It is indeed a tender word—a sweet relationship. But if a woman coolly cuts all family ties—

dusk fidgetting exceedingly. For what was in my mind? Suppose she should fling herself

overboard!"
Her violet eyes rested thoughtfully upon my face. "I should not have been afraid," she exclaimed, with a faint touch of scorn which made wonderfully sapid her voice that was low coloriess. Of course you know your own sister," said

and goloriess.

"Of course you know your own sister," said 1. "Finn took your view. I mentioned my misgiving, and his long head waggled most prosaically in the moonlight."

"Women who behave as my sister has, Mr. Mosson," she exclaimed with the gravity of a young philosopher, are too selfish, too cowardly, too much in love with themselves and with ife to act as you seem to fear my sister misht. They may go mad, and then, to be sure, there is an end of all reasoning about them; but while they have their senses they may be trusted so far as they themselves are concerned. In periodity same people many noble qualities go to impulses or resolutions which are deemed rash and impious by persons who falter over the mere telling of such deeds. My sister has not a single noble quality in her. She may peison the lives of others, but she will be extended to reserve her own."

"Now, if I had said that," said I.
"Oh," she answered, with the little color that had come into her cheeks fading out of them." I will never reproach you for telling the truth."

Atter breakfast I went to Wilfrid's cabin, and

that had come into her cheeks fading out of them. "I will never repreach you for telling the truth."

After breakfast I went to Wilfrid's cabin, and found him up and dressed, sitting in an easy chair reading his diary, which I took the book to be. He hedd the volume close to his face: his legs were crossed, his feet in slippers, his right hand grasped his big meerschaum pipe, which was filled with yellow tobocco not yet lighted. The cabin window was open and the draperless of te handeous little apartment stirred to the pouring of the rich, hot ocean breeze through the orifice.

"You look vastly comfortable, Wilf," said I, "Glad to find you well. But it must be a bit duil here, though?"

"Not at all, "said he, putting down the hook and lighting his pipe. "Sit down and snucke with me."

"Not at all," said he, putting down the book and lighting his pipe. "Sit down and smoke with me."

"Why not on deck?" I answered, sitting, nevertheless. "A wide view in hot weather takes the place of a cool atmosphere. The sight is sensible of the heat as well as other organs. It may be cooler down here in reality thes, it is under the awning above, but these cribbed and coffined bulkheads make it very hot to the eye spite of that pleasant gushing of wind there."

He quietly sucked his pipe, looking at me through the wreaths of tobacco snocks which went up from his bowl. I lighted a cigar, furtively observing his face as I did so. He was pale: there was nothing novel in that, but I noticed an expression of anxiety in his eyes that was bew to me—a look of some concern, as though some difficulty novel and surprising, yet not of a character to strike deep, had befailen him. I gianced at the oreaktast tray that was upon the table near which he was scated, and easily guessed by what remained that he had made a good meal. His manner was quiet, even surdued; no symptoms of the old perkiness, of the old probing gestures of head with a thrust of his mind, as it were into one is face as if his intellect were as shortspited as his eyes. He was airily clothed in white, a colored shirt wide open at the collar, and a small silk cap of a jockey pattern was perched upon his head.

"Has Finn removed the five-guinea piece from the mainmast?" said he.

"I don't know, Wilf."

"I must send word to him to take charge of it, and to tell the men that the money will be distributed among them on our arrival. I shu!! be giad to get home."

"And so shall I, upon my word."

"The egacless motion of the sea." he con-

distributed among them on our strival. I shall be glad to get home."

"And so shall I, upon my word."

"The ceaseless motion of the sea," he continued, talking quietly and with a more sensible look in his face than I had witnessed in him since the hour of our start. "grows so distractingly menotonous after a time that I can readily believe it affects weak heads. This trip has about exhausted my love of seafaring. I shall sell the Bride."

I nodded.

I nodded.

"How long should the run home occupy us?" How ions should the fact five weeks at the beaked.

"Let us call it a month, or five weeks at the outside for everybody's sake." I answered. He smoked for a minute in silence with a thoughtful face, and then said. "Five weeks in one's cabin is a long imprisonment."

I imagined that he referred to his wife, and that he was feeling his way in this roundabout that he was feeling his way in this roundabout fashion to talk about her. "There is no neces-sity to be imprisoned for five weeks," said I. "Your yacht is not an ocean liner full of pas-

sengers whose stares and whispers might indeed prove embarrassing. So far as I am coneerned, I am quite willing to promise very honsaily never even to look. Miss Jennings is all
tenderness and sweetness and symrathy;
there pould be nothing to found a plea for
seclusion upon in her presence. As to the
sailors." I continued, noticing without comprehending an air of bewilderment that was
growing upon his face as I talked, "Jack
meets with so many actonishments in his vocation that surprise and curiosity are almost meets with so many actonishments in his vo-estion that surprise and curiosity are almost lost arts with him. The crew will take one long thirsty stare; then turn their quids and give what passes alt no further heed what-ever."

give what passes alt no further heed whatever."

"I don't follow you," he exclaimed, roising his pine, with his eyes intently fixed on me; what are you talking about?"

"You were speaking of the tediousness of a five weeks." imprisonment."

"Quite right," said he, "and tedious it is if it's to last five weeks."

"But, my dear Wilfrid, I was endeavoring to point out that the imprisonment to which you refer is unnecessary; in fact, after last night—" But here I suddenly bit my lip to the perception that it would be rash and unwise on my part to let him know that his wife had been present at Col. Hope-Kenuedy's burial. "What I mean is." I continued, talking rapidly, "if it's a mere question of sensitiveness or pride recoiling from observation, why not imitate the great Mokanna.

O'er his features hung The Veil, the Silver Veil which he had flung In mercy there to hide from bumns sight, his darzling brow till men could bear its tight.

In our case we have no dazzing brow, and consequently require no silver veils; but in Miss Laura's wardrobe there should be "In was now gaping at me, and cried out; "Your brain wanders this morning, Charles. Do you mean that I should go veiled?" "You!" I exclaimed; "certainly not. I am not talking of you."

"But I am talking of myself, though," he cried.

not talking of you."

"But I am talking of myself, though." he cried.

I looked at him with amazement. "You do not mean to say that you intend to imprison yourself in this cabin till we get home?"
He shook his head. "I don't imprison myself." he answered. "I am imprisoned."
"By whom, pray?"
"Can't you see?"
I ram my eyes round the cabin.
"No, no!" he shouted, "look at me. Don't you perceive that I can't get out? How am I to pass through that door?"
"How are you to pass through that door?" I exclaimed: "why, by walking through it, of course. How elso?"
"Ay, and that's just what I can't do," said he, with a melancholy shake of the head.
"But why not, Wilfrid?" I cried, scarcely yet understanding how it was with him.
"Because," he answered, potulantly, looking down himself, then at his arms and legs. "I am too big."

Monson this merning?"

Monson the merning? Seath and hardy Monson which is to be alone. The merning of the mern

of the faintest implication to the incidents of the preceding day. Yot be conversed with perfect rationality, his manners were bland, with something of dignity in them; it seemed, indeed, as if the poor fellow's craziness had localized itself in this new and astounding fancy of his being unable to squeeze his way through on deck, leaving his mind in all other directions clear and sevene; yet, mad as was the notion that had now selzed him. I could not but secretly feel that there was more madness

the notion that had now selzed him. I could not but secretly feel that there was more madness yet in his insensibility to what had happened, as though, indeed, the light of memory in him had been extinguished, and he was conscious of nothing but what was actually passing before his eyes.

I held my peace on this new and astonishing craze, fancying that at any hour I might find him on deek and his defusion gone. At dinner, however, that day Miss Laura noticed his absence. My silence, I suppose, copyliced hereals. sence. My silence, I suppose, convinced her that there was something wrong with him. She questioned me and I told her the truth.

"He grows worse," she said. "I fear he will never recover."
This marriage." I answered. "on top of what was congenital in him, has proved too much. Have you seen your sister to-day?"

never recover."

"This marringo." I answered. "on top of what was congenital in him, has proved too much. Have you seen your sister to-day?"

No."

"Does she intend to keep her cabin until we reach England."

"I cannot say, She declines to see me."

"I cannot say, the husband self-imprisoned to your possess. Well, we are a queer little ship, I coust say; the husband self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on one side, and a wife self-imprisoned by fancy on the other side of a foot from chief the threshold. It is a picture to encourage an ingenuous mind fired with matrimonial resolutions."

"Men are fools to get married!" she exclaimed, bequantly.

"And women?" said I.

"Oh it is the business of women to make men fools. she answered.

Her clear eve rested serenely on mine, and she spoke without archness of women linke tools of themselves. Let his I way before all the goods. It had married a woman like year sizer, and she had served me as she has served her husband, I should wish to be made as wiffred is a married a woman like year sizer, and she had served me as she has served her husband, I should wish to be made as wiffred is the fall with the seems to have utterly forgotten her and the fellow who was sent to have utterly forgotten her and the fellow who was sent had her to search for oblision in drink, gambling, and so on until they end in the self-imprisoned by her bear had been should be self-imprisoned by the self-impri

Catarrh

less. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, com-bined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, lickling in the throat, offensive breath, pain near and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises to the ears, are the more common fringtoms. (siarrh is cared by Hoods Sarmaparilla, which arrives directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased timus and giving healthy loss.

terribly disagreeable disease, catarris 1 tool flood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cored me of Sarsaparilla with the very boat results. It coved me of that continued dropping in the threat, and stiffed-up reeling. It has also belied my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of leadth and kidney trouble. I recommend flood's Sarsaparilla to all as a good medi-cine."—Ers. S. D. HEATH, Petnam, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all draggists. \$1 six for \$5. Prepared only by 100 Doses One Dottar

about a quarter full stood at his elbow, with a bumper just poured out, apparently, alongside it. He had attired himself in dress clothes again, and sat with an air of state and dignity in his symchair, toying with a large cigar not yet lighted.

"How dye do, Laura, my dear? Sit down. Sit. Charles. There is plenty of room for sleader seople like you."

I placed a chair for Miss Jennings and varied into Wilfeld's bunk, for though the cable was roomy in proportion to the burden of the yacht the accommodation was by no means ample, owing to the furniture that crowded the deck. His high check bones were flushed, a sort of glassiness coated his eyes, but this I readily ascribed to the champagne. The interior was hot, and Miss Laura cooled her sweet face with a black fan that hung at her waist. My cousin watched her uneasity, as if he foared she would see something in him to divert her.

"Do you feel now, Wilfrid," said L. "as if you

waist. My cousin watched her uneasily, as if he feared she would see something in him to divert her.

"Do you feel now. Wilfrid." said I, "as if you could get on deek?"

"Oh. certainly not." he answered warmly; "Oh. certainly not." he answered warmly; "I wonder that you should ask such a question. Compare my ilgure with that door." He looked at Miss Laura with a shrug of his shoulders, as though he pitied me. "Surely, Wilfrid. she exclaimed." you could pass through quite easily, and without hurting yourself at all."

"Quite easily! Yes, in pieces!" he cried secrafully. "But it is not that you are both blind. Your wish is to humor me. Please do nothing of the aort. What I can see you can see. Look at this bulk." He put down his cigar to grasp his breast with both handa. Look at these," he continued, sintping first an arm, then a leg. "It is a most fortunate thing that I should have broadceed only. Had I increased correspondingly in height I should in the both of the look of the second of the looked of the looked of the looked only. Had I increased correspondingly in height I should not be the standard to the looked of t

an arm, then a leg. 'It is a most fortunate thing that I should have broadened only. Had I increased correspondingly in height I should not have been able to stand unright in this cabin; 'and he directed a glance at the upper deck or ceiling, while a shiver ran through him.

I thought now I would sound his mind in fresh directions, for though while his present craze hung strong in him it was not likely he would guit his cabin, yet if his intellect had failed in other ways to the extent I found in this particular hallucination, he would certainly have to be watched, not for his own security only, but for that of all others on board, Why, as you may suppose, his craniness took the wildest and most tracte accentuation when one thought of where one was in the very heart of the vast Atlantic, a goodly company of us on beard, a little ship that was a casily to be made a bonifre of as an empty tar barrel, with gunpowier enough stowel somewhere away down forward to complete in a liffy the work that the fames might be dally ing with.

jiffy the work that the flames might be dallying with.

You do not inquire after Lady Monson,'
Wilfrid?' said L.

Miss Jennings started and stared at me.

'Why should I?' he answered, coloily, and
deliberately producing his little tinder box, at
which he began to chip. "J'll venture to say
she doesn't inquire after me."

I wis astonished at the rationality of this answer and the air of intelligence that accompanical its delivery.

No. I fear not.' said I, much embarrased.

'As she only came on board yesterday..."

"No. I feel not." said I, much embarrassed.
"As she only came on board yesterday—"
"Weil?" he exciatined thofing that I paused.
"Oh." said I, with a bit of a stammer, "It just occurred to me you might have forgotten that she was now one of us, journeying home."
"Tut, tut!" said he, waving his hand at me, but without turning his head. "Laura, you are looking after her, my dear?"
"My maid sees that she has all she requires."
answered the girl. "She decines to have anything to say to me—to meet me—to hear of me."
He nodded his head slowly and gravely at her, and lowering his voice, said. "Can she hear us, do you think?"
"No." I exclaimed, "not through the two bulkheads, with the width of passage between."
He snoked leisurely while he kept his eyes thoughtfully bent on Miss Laura. "My cousin." said he, addressing her as though I were absent, "has on more than one occasion said to me. Suppose you recover your wife, what are you going to do with her? I have recovered her, and now I will tell you my intentions. Laura, you know I adored her." She inclined, her head. "What term would you apply to a woman." he proceeded, "who should abandon a devoted heads in the worken the walken upon who should desert the sweetest little infant."—I thought his voice would woman." he proceeded, "who should abandon a devoted methand that worshipped the ground she walked upon; who should desert the sweetest little infant "—I thought his voice would falter here, but it was as sleady as the fixed regard of his eyes—"that ever came from heaven to fill a mother's heart with love; who should forfeit a position of distinction and opulence; who should stealthily creep like a thief in the night from a home of beauty, of elegance, and of splendor; who should do all this for an end of such depravity that it must be nameless?" His forefinger shot up with a jerk, and his eves glowed under the trembling of the lids. "What is the term you would apply to such a woman?" he continued now scowling, and with an imperious note in his voice.

I guessed the word that was in his mind, and cried, "Why, mad of causse."

"Mad!" he thundered, violently, slapping his knee, and ptreaking into a short, semi-defirious laugh. He leaned forward as though he would take Miss Laura into his strictest confidence, and putting his hand to the side of his mouth, he whispered: "She is mad, We none of us knew, it Laura. My first act, then, when we reach home will be to confine her. But not a word, mind!" He held his floger to his lips, and in that posture slowly leaned back in his chair again with a face painful with its smile of couning and triumph.

I saw that the girl was getting scated; so without ado I dropped out of the bunk on to my feet.

"An excellent scheme, Wilfrid," said I: "in

of cunning and triumph.

I saw that the girl was getting scared; so without ado I dropped out of the bunk on to my feet.

"An excellent scheme, Wilfrid," said I." in fact the only thing to be done. But, my dear reliew, d'ye gnow the atmosphere here is just roasting? I'll take Miss Jennings on deck for a turn, and when I am cooled down a bit I'll look in upon you for another yarm for half an nour before turning in."

"All right," he exclaimed. "Laura looks as if she wants some fresh air. Send one of the siewards to me, will you, as you pass through the cabin? But mind both of you—hush! Not a word—you understand?"

"Trust us." said I: and, sick at heart, I took Miss Laura's hand and led her out of the cabin, As I closed the door she reeled, and would have fallen but for the arm I passed round her. I conducted her to a couch and produced a glass of water. The atmosphere here was comparatively cool with the evening also your also young the sked yould, as you pass through the wide skylight, and she quickly recovered.

"It is terrible!" she exclaimed, pressing her fingers to her eyes, and shaking her head. "I should fall crazy myself were I much with him. His sneers, his smiles, his looks, the boyish air of his face too! The thought of his missery, his injury, the irreparable wrong done himpor of wift, poor Wilf!" Her tender heart gave way, and she west pileously.

When she was somewhat composed she fetched a hat and accompanied me on deck. The dusk down to the horizon was clear and fine, richly spangled to where the hard black inne of the ocean ruled the firmament. On high sailed many meteers like flying fish sparkling out of the dark velvet; some of them scoring under the trembling constolations a silver wake that lingered long on the eye, and resembled a length of moun-colored steam slowly settling away before the breath of a soft air. There were many shooling stars, too, without the comet-like grace of the meteoria flights; sharp, bounding sparkles that made one think of the fashing of muskets levelled at the oce

with naked feet, for no footfall reached the ear.

"Alas!" said I. "the wind is falling. I dread the stagnation of these waters. I have heard of ships lying becaimed here for two and three months at a stretch, in all those hideous days of frying suns and steaming nights scarce traversing twenty leagues."

"We were becalined a fortnight on the Line." said Miss Laura. "on our passage to England, it seemed a year, Everybody grew quarreisome, and I believe there was a mutiny among theorew."

some, and I believe there was a muthry among theorem.

Oh I hate the dead caim at sea!" I cried. Vet I fran we are booked. Look straight up. Vet I fran we are booked. Look straight up. Miss Jennings; you will behold a very storm of shooting stars. When I was in these waters, but much more west and east than where we now are. I took notice that whenever the sky shed meteors in any abundance a caim followed, and the duration of the stagnant time was in proportion to the abundance of the silver discharge. But who is that standing aft by the wheel thore?"

My question was heard and answered. "It's me-Capt'n Finn. sir."

"We're in for a caim. I fear. Finn."

"I fear so, sir," he answered, alowly coming over to us. "Great pity, though. I was calculating upon the little breeze to-day lasting te draw us out of this here belt. Them shooting